

TWO MORE INSPECTORS MAY GO BACK TO STAKE-UP

Orders From City Hall or Headquarters to Tolerate "Outwardly Decent" Vice Prevented Raids, Is the Defense of Hayes.

The demotion of Cornelius G. Hayes from an inspectorship to a captain in the Police Department has brought about a condition which, in the opinion of those who have been following the affair, calls for a big police shake-up. Action against Hayes was unexpected, being forced by an interview given to The Evening World yesterday, which Commissioner Waldo could not overlook.

When Commissioner Waldo acted he acted all the day down the line with Hayes, demoting him, suspending him and informing him he was to be tried on charges all in one breath. This summary action is destined to bring about a change in the schedule the Commissioner had decided to follow to keep step with the developments in the Rosenthal murder investigation.

Commissioner Waldo has been urged to transfer all the inspectors named in this confession of "Jack Rose" and "Bridge" Webber, and by Herman Rosenthal and others. He was disposed to ignore this advice on the ground that transferring the inspectors wouldn't change the real state of affairs and it would be better to leave them at their posts until definite charges should be made.

Hayes's outspoken criticism of the Commissioner brought about a crisis in which a couple of other inspectors are now involved. It is prophesied at Headquarters that Inspector Lahey of the Third District will be demoted on Monday because of raids on disorderly houses made in his district over his head Thursday night.

Should Lahey be set down, the next step would be to prefer charges against him. Headquarters are sharply, freely naming another inspector who, they say, would be involved in that event.

This third inspector is a veteran in the rank of inspector and has long held inside positions of importance in the Department. Police gossip has it that Hayes and Lahey took orders from him in preference to orders from Headquarters.

Police Commissioner Waldo was not at his office today. His subordinates said he was out of the city and would not return until Monday. And about the time he gets to Headquarters Monday morning the policemen stationed in the building will begin to listen for explosions.

Hayes has been assigned nominally to the command of the precinct at Tottenville, Staten Island, the southernmost police station in Green Island, New York. While under suspension he will be required to report there daily to the Lieutenant in charge. Tottenville is about thirty-two miles from Hayes's home in the Bronx, so he will have to travel sixty-four miles a day to affix his name to the station house letter.

HAYES WILL FIGHT WALDO, FRIENDS SAY.

According to friends of Hayes, he will meet a vigorous defense, which will take the form of attempting to support his statement that his hands were tied in the matter of suppressing disorderly houses. Hayes maintains that he was instructed by the Commissioner to let disorderly places alone unless specifically told to interfere with them.

Furthermore, it is based on Hayes's behalf, he has his defense in black and white, in the shape of written rules promulgated either from Police Headquarters or the City Hall. The same rules concerning disorderly houses were sent, it is charged, to other inspectors.

Ever since Mayor Gaynor ordered that the use of policemen in obtaining evidence against disorderly houses be discontinued, the police method of procedure in all precincts where such places abound has been uniform. There has been interference on complaints or where the inmates of such places made themselves obnoxious. It was understood by inspectors, captains, lieutenants, sergeants and patrolmen that disorderly houses were to be tolerated as long as they were run, in accordance with "outward decency."

"Conn" Hayes, as he is known in the department, is a veteran policeman and knows all the angles of the game. The fact that he openly accused Commissioner Waldo, in the latter's office last night, of giving orders to wait for instructions before raiding disorderly houses indicates that this will be his defense.

HAYES REDUCED FOR BACKING UP HIS STATEMENT.

The demotion of Hayes, which fits in with the plans of Commissioner Waldo for a general housecleaning in the Department, is not a part of the plan. Hayes was set down solely because he gave an interview to The Evening World yesterday in which he said:

"I have explicit orders not to raid of noisier disorderly houses in my district without orders from the Commissioner himself."

The name of Inspector Hayes was not given by The Evening World in connection with the interview. Commissioner Waldo summoned all the Manhattan inspectors to his office yesterday afternoon and asked them if they had made the statement quoted. All denied it except Hayes. He not only admitted that he had told the reporter what he was quoted as saying, but reiterated it to the Commissioner. Immediately his shield was taken from him. He was notified that he would be tried on charges and his suspension was put into effect.

It has been rumored that Hayes has tried to get into communication with the District Attorney. This is positively denied by his friends. They say Hayes is concerning himself solely with his defense against the charges.

WHOLE ROSENTHAL TRAGEDY IN HIS DISTRICT.

It was in Hayes's district—the Fourth—that Herman Rosenthal ran a gambling house and was killed. This district

INFORMERS BUSY AS REAL AUTHORS OF "LITERATURE"

Webber and Rose Accept Big Offer for "Story," Vallon Will Illustrate It.

HEAR STAGE CALL, TOO.

"This Writin' Stuff's a Pipe," Says "Bald Jack," But He Aspires to Act.

Erudite and experienced men have proclaimed that there is no royal road to literary success. All have agreed that to attain fame as an author one must have at least a spark of the fire of literary genius. It has also been considered quite necessary for the aspirant to have some education and knowledge of grammar. A few daring highbrows have declared that writers should know how to spell.

All the precepts and rules laid down are wrong. The proof is right before our eyes. In the West Side Prison, where "Jack" Rose and "Bridge" Webber are busily engaged in turning out what is known in the writing trade as manuscript. They have found the royal road.

A month ago Jack Rose was a plain gambler, known in the underworld as "Billard Ball Jack," because of the peeled onion aspect of his head.

"Bridge" Webber was the proprietor of a flourishing poker room at Sixth street and Forty-second street. Today they are sought after by magazine editors, and offers of wealth are rolling in upon them. Publishers of ten cent periodicals are clamoring at the jail doors for bits from their pens.

HARRY VALLON BECOMES COLLABORATOR OF A "SELLER."

Nor is Harry Vallon forgotten. He, too, has developed genius. Harry Vallon is to illustrate an exposition of the sordid side of life in the New York Tenement, which is to be written in collaboration by "Jack" Rose and "Bridge" Webber.

"Believe me," said Jack Rose to a friend today, "this writin' stuff is a pipe. If I'd tell you what the biggest magazine has offered me for my writin', you'd holler for help. I hate to talk about myself, but that stuff I wrote that was printed in the papers has made some hit. The 'Bridge' is asked up for regular authors."

"Jack" and "Bridge" have ordered great quantities of paper, pencils, ink and erasers. They have already started on one of the articles they have engaged to write, and Harry Vallon is waiting impatiently for their copy, so he can begin on the pictures. Of course, their manuscript will have to be passed upon by the District Attorney.

And not only that; not only are "Bridge" Webber and "Jack" Rose now competing in the field with magazine writers who have spent laborious years in working up to the stage of earning living wages, but the two who calmly confess they hired the men who killed Herman Rosenthal anticipate a career on the vaudeville stage.

VAUDEVILLE MANAGERS ARE AFTER THEM HARD.

It is an actual fact that offers have been made to them to appear in vaudeville. The salary inducements held out have been amazing. White Rose, through some of his friends, has given out statements in which he declared his intention of leaving the country and beginning life over again honestly in some other land, the fact is that he aspires to shine as a footlight favorite—and he is qualified to shine, too, if he doesn't wear a wig.

So what's the use? Why should men who long to become known as authors try to gain recognition by writing? Why should those who feel the stirrings of dramatic inspiration seek to elevate the stage by going through an apprenticeship? Why when the goal can be reached at once by the simple process of committing a crime so heinous as to horrify the world?

Now that "Jack Rose" and "Bridge" Webber are authors they are eligible for membership in the Dramatic Club, which is the exploited by the magazines in the departments entitled "Our Magazine Men" or "Great Writers in Repose" or "Gossip Theatreland," and so on. Here is an anecdote about "Bridge" Webber: HE GOT THE "BRIDGE" FOR FLOW OF GAB.

In his early youth Webber was a Chinatown lollygagger—one who does errands for Chinamen and their white women, and other frequenters of the dives of the Chinese quarter. He was a busy little lad, always "butting in" a great picker up of gossip and a great teller of the same.

In those days "Collector" in Chinatown was a woman—an elderly, worldly-wise woman, who lived toll on the dives, kept a book of names and addresses of the dives, and handed it over to the person who was supposed to give "protection." She was well acquainted with the Webber lad and often warned him that he talked too much.

But just then one of the old "Bridge" she told him one day, that being her day of describing his resemblance to a gossiping old woman.

That's how Webber became known as "Bridge." He has been known as "Bridge" ever since through his career as the keeper of a Chinatown "hop joint" and of gambling houses on the east side of the Tenderloin.

Harry Jacquillard Dead.

Harry Jacquillard, for thirty years a Republican leader of Brooklyn, died today at the Rockaway Beach Sanatorium, where he had been suffering for several weeks. Mr. Jacquillard had been a member of the New York state assembly, sergeant-at-arms of the Senate and Port Warden of New York. He was living at his summer home in Rockaway when he was stricken. He was fifty-five years old, and is survived by a widow and one daughter.

MR. SCHEPPS HALTS AT NIAGARA FALLS FOR A WEEK-END

Dawdies Leisurely on His Way With Party, Including Detective.

TRAVELS IN LUXURY.

Languidly Accepts Attention and Hospitality of Mr. Whitman's Couriers.

(Special to The Evening World.)
BUFFALO, Aug. 17.—Mr. Samuel Schepps of New York and Hot Springs, Ark., is week-ending in the Hudson City as the guest of Mr. Rubin, also of New York, and a member of Mr. Whitman's staff of public prosecutors. Mr. Rubin endeavoring to his utmost to make Mr. Schepps's week-end stay as pleasant as possible, taking him to Niagara Falls to view the Big Dip and escorting him aboard the Maid of the Mist for a pleasant sail.

Mr. Schepps arrived in Buffalo in the company of two acquaintances who stuck very closely to him and manifested a keen interest in his well-being. One of these gentlemen slept with Mr. Schepps, while the other operated a dictograph on a transom. The gentleman who operated the dictograph is a profound student of psycho-neurosis and desired to get a record of any conversation Mr. Schepps might indulge in during his sleep.

SCHEPPS NOT APPRISED OF THESE ATTENTIONS.

Mr. Schepps was not acquainted with this fact, as he is inclined to peevishness and is suffering from a malady known as tactlessness, in other words, partial paralysis of the vocal organs.

Mr. Rubin, Mr. Schepps's host, has been a constant communication with Mr. Schepps's traveling companions, and telegraphed ahead that no pains must be spared to humor the guest's every whim, which provided he did not develop a whim to go off by himself.

Arriving at the hotel where Mr. Schepps is stopping, Mr. Rubin was informed that everything had been done as ordered. Mr. Schepps had had his customary rose water bath and at that moment a manicurist and a barber were ministering to him. A tailor had built him a handsome new suit over night—a striped suit of aesthetic pattern.

Mr. Rubin did not disturb Mr. Schepps until he had arrayed himself and the manicurist had finished imparting a ten candle power gleam to his long, tapering nails. A breakfast of grilled grouse and kidney à la Boulevardaise was coming into Mr. Schepps's room as Mr. Rubin announced himself.

Mr. R. and Mr. S. shook hands. Mr. R. was very cordial, but Mr. S. seemed preoccupied. Mr. R. informed Mr. S. that Mr. Whitman of New York had sent his best regards and trusted that Mr. S. was in good spirits and would feel like chatting freely with Mr. R.

Mr. S. replied with an exclamation that may have been culled from the Coptic tongue. Mr. R. said afterward that it certainly wasn't English, French or German.

While Mr. Schepps was breaking his fast on the grilled grouse, pausing now and then to admire the polish of his finger nails, Mr. Rubin smiled and said he had planned quite a day for Mr. Schepps—a trip to the Falls and a ride in the Maid of the Mist.

EXCLUSIVENESS ASSURED, MR. S. IS DELIGHTED.

"And if there is anything else, Mr. Schepps," said Mr. Rubin, "just let me know. We will spend the week-end in the region before proceeding for New York. We will be a small private party and I have taken pains that no one will break in on us."

When Mr. Schepps had finished a leg of grouse he replied without enthusiasm, "Damagladherheart," which is not exactly Coptic, if you stop to analyze it.

When Mr. Schepps had finished his breakfast and a Jack Rose perfect, he granted that he was ready to go to the Falls. He thought he might as well be bored that way as any other.

"And on the way," said Mr. Schepps, "Mr. Rubin, 'we will have a chat about things.'"

Mr. Schepps nodded his head and closed his teeth together with a click, as if he were seized with lockjaw.

The trip to the Falls was made by trolley. There were four in the party—Mr. R. and Mr. S. and the two acquaintances who had accompanied Mr. S. from Hot Springs. Mr. R. wore his morning diamonds and a watch fob that had been cunningly fashioned to resemble a roulette wheel.

Mr. Rubin sat beside Mr. Schepps, and the two acquaintances disposed themselves as adjacent as possible. On the way to the Falls Mr. Schepps spoke two words. Mr. Rubin talked quite briefly, until he became quite hoarse.

Mr. Schepps did not have much to say about the Falls. His one irrelevant remark that there were a lot of noisy persons he would like to see going down over it caused Mr. Rubin some perplexity.

Mr. Schepps did not mention the Becker or Rose family. Mr. Rubin was disappointed that Mr. Schepps did not speak of Mr. J. Rose and Mr. C. Becker, who arejourning at the Chateau de la Tombs.

The journey on the Maid of the Mist was without incident. The programme for Mr. Schepps for to-morrow has not been entirely settled upon. Mr. Schepps is disinclined to play golf or any other game that contains an element of chance for the present. He prefers to stay indoors as much as possible and seems quite fretful and furtive as if something were a burden on his mind.

MR. SCHEPPS TAKES IN THE SIGHTS ON HIS WAY TO CELL.



\$160,000,000 BILL FOR PENSIONERS SIGNED BY TAFT

Needy Veterans, Who Have Waited Long for Money, Will All Be Paid by Tuesday.

WASHINGTON, Aug. 17.—President Taft's first official act today was to sign the \$160,000,000 Pension Appropriation bill. The pension office was immediately notified and telegraph orders were sent to the eighteen outlying agencies to start at once payment of pensions so long held up by the delay in Congress.

Every pensioner in the United States will be paid by Tuesday at the latest.

\$100,000 BLAZE IN CANAL STREET EMPTIES HOMES

Families in Houses Adjoining Burning Lofts Rush With Furniture Into Street.

Fire that did damage estimated at \$100,000 early today gutted the six-story factory building at No. 191 Canal street, occupied by B. Herman, manufacturer of beds and bedding. The flames threatened to spread to adjoining loft buildings.

Firemen under Acting Chief Joseph Martin succeeded after an hour and a half's work, hampered by a dense pall of smoke, in setting the blaze under control. Rescuers from the Elizabeth street police station, in charge of Acting-Captain McGrath, dispersed in Canal, Hester, Mulberry and Mott streets hundreds of frightened tenants who thronged, partially clad, into the thoroughfares.

The fire was discovered shortly after midnight by Patrolman White. Flames were issuing from the second-story windows. When the first apparatus, in charge of Deputy Chief John Binna, arrived the flames had spread to the four upper floors. Binna turned in a second alarm, bringing Acting Chief Martin, who ordered a third sounding. Tenants were driven out of neighboring houses owing to the close proximity of the fire.

Unable to enter the building, firemen resembled a seething furnace, firemen were stationed on the roofs of adjoining houses and in the rearways back of the burning building.

Sunday World Wants Work Monday Morning Wonders.

WILSON GREETED BY NEIGHBORS ON NEW JERSEY DAY

Women in Summer Toilets at Sea Girt Make Gathering Resemble Lawn Party.

PRaised BY NOMINEE.

He Says No People Have Worked Harder for Reform Than Those of His State.

(Special from a Staff Correspondent of The Evening World.)
SEA GIRT, N. J., Aug. 17.—More than a thousand neighbors and well wishers of Gov. Woodrow Wilson came here today to celebrate New Jersey Day and signify their best wishes and good will for the Governor of the State in his Presidential campaign.

By noon the assembly, which had traveled in automobiles from every part of the State and especially from South New Jersey, was gathered in a compact body in front of the Little White House on the outskirts of the summer camp of the New Jersey National Guard. A space fifty feet square had been roped off under the spreading willow trees in front of the porch, and within this the Governor's family and most of the moving spirits back of his campaign in the State sat with the band.

J. H. Birch of Burlington, and E. E. Grosscup, the State Democratic chairman, had charge of the ceremonies, which were as simple as those of a village church social. It was a crowd full of the spirit of aggressiveness and every appearance of a familiar face was the signal for a cheer, which made up in intensity what it lacked in volume.

The women in summer toilettes and carrying gay parasols increased the resemblance to a lawn party. The speechmaking, which had been scheduled to begin at noon, was deferred for half an hour for the benefit of the crowd which arrived on a late train.

WILSON PAYS A TRIBUTE TO JERSEYITES.

After introduction by Dudley Field Malone, a son-in-law of Senator O'Gorman of New York, and Mr. Birch, Gov. Wilson stepped out from the little knot of people seated among the willow branches and began his tribute to his fellow citizens of New Jersey. There was no State in the union, he said, whose good men and women had worked harder for reform than the people of New Jersey. They voted for progressive measures, better government and reform in 1910. The Governor said there were some men in New Jersey who seemed to be suffering from "Festive despondency."

"You know," he said, "the influences behind the new third party movement. It was the feeling that men seeking the right had been going into blind alleys long enough, coming out nowhere, that no good could come out of the old parties."

This, said Gov. Wilson, was due to a lack of confidence. The one justification for his own nomination was that the people wanted to have confidence in somebody and something. The greatest compliment which ever came to him, Gov. Wilson said, was that his fellow citizens found in him a man in whom they could feel confidence. The faith of the people in a man was far more powerful and useful than that man's talents. Gov. Wilson rehearsed the reform legislation for clean elections and his public service, which, he said, improved conditions of life in New Jersey.

"We have also passed a new law," said the Governor, "to this effect: If you have bought a vote you don't get it."

The Governor said there was no question of the sincerity of the desire of New Jersey for clean self-government.

SAYS THE OLD INTERESTS WANT TO REGAIN POWER.

"Plans are in diligent preparation to restore the old order of things in New Jersey," said the Governor. "I say this of my own official knowledge. Are you going to acquiesce?"

The Governor went back to the argument that the present difficulty in government is not inherent faults of the established parties, but a lack of confidence in leaders. He reassured them that confidence in a man was far more powerful and useful than that man's talents. Gov. Wilson rehearsed the reform legislation for clean elections and his public service, which, he said, improved conditions of life in New Jersey.

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Bull Moose at Coney Island.

The Bull Moose invaded Coney Island last night when an organization to further the candidacy of the third term candidate was formed at a meeting held at the Kaiser Garden. Mark Reagan Jr. called the meeting to order and Chairman Allison L. Adams and Secretary Francis Lynch were the chief speakers. Delegates to the County Committee and the Sixteenth Assembly District Convention were elected.

ONTHOLOGICAL PERHAPS.

"I am inclined to suspect the sobriety of the last student in our class."

"Why not?"

"When I asked him what were his favorite studies in ornithology, he replied, 'swallows, larks and bats.'"

AMERICAN EXPLORER REPORTED KILLED BY AVALANCHE IN INDIA.



BURGLARS HOLD WEEK'S CARNIVAL IN WEALTHY HOME

Slip In and Out of Flatbush House Under Noses of Policeman and Watchman.

Some months ago, when a number of burglaries scared the neighbors of District-Attorney Croysey of Brooklyn along the Albemarle road in Flatbush into getting better police protection, a proposition to install a private patrol went like wildfire. Among those who joined was Henry P. Read, a manufacturer, who has a beautiful home at the corner of Marlborough road, and a large estate, to be run up every hour, was placed upon the rear of his house.

Early this morning Mr. Read was called up on the telephone at his country home in Amityville, L. I., and informed that during the absence of his family some one had been inside his town dwelling. The manufacturer jumped into an automobile and lost no time getting to Flatbush. He found burglars had been having a week's frolic upon his premises.

Not only had they stripped the house of the family plate, some beautiful vases and porcelain, but they had evidently been sleeping in the house and had refreshed themselves with wines and other liquors which Mr. Read kept in his cellar.

Some of Mrs. Read's jewelry also was missing. There is no clue to the thieves, for no one was seen to enter or leave the house, either by the fixed post policeman a block away or by the private watchman, whose visits were duly chronicled upon the clock installed by the private watchman company.

NOTED EXPLORER KILLED IN INDIA BY AVALANCHE?

Workman, American Mountain Climber, Reported Dead in Himalayas.

BOMBAY, India, Aug. 17.—W. Hunter Workman, the American mountain climber and explorer, is reported to have been killed by an avalanche while climbing in the Himalayas range in the North of India.

Native coolies attached to the expedition reported that a great avalanche overwhelmed the Workman party, killing one of them. No definite information was obtainable from the coolies as to whether the victim was Mr. Workman himself or one of the guides.

Both W. Hunter Workman, who is a native of Worcester, Mass., where he was born on Feb. 16, 1847, and his wife, Fanny Bullock Workman, also of Worcester, Mass., have been for many years engaged in mountain climbing principally in Asia. They have usually made their ascents together. On one occasion, however, when Mr. Workman attained an altitude of 23,941 feet on one of the Himalayan snow mountains, he was not accompanied by his wife. Mr. Workman, though, has climbed with her husband to a peak over 23,000 feet high.

In the intervals of their mountain ascents Mr. and Mrs. Workman have delivered lectures on their travels. They have written many books, and received a number of foreign decorations.

KEEPS UP TANDEM RECORD.

GOLDEN, Colo., Aug. 17.—The birth of twin boys in the family of Prof. Charles T. Test of the State School of Mines here has served to prove an ancestral characteristic.

Prof. Test himself is a twin. Mrs. Test has a twin sister and Prof. Test's father came into the world with a brother. Both Prof. Test and Mrs. Test came from a lineage noted for twins.

ONTHOLOGICAL PERHAPS.

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"When I asked him what were his favorite studies in ornithology, he replied, 'swallows, larks and bats.'"

JOY RIDE ENDS WHEN AUTO HITS WAGON AT 3 A. M., INJURING GIRLS

Two Young Women Hurled Through Windshield in Early Morning Smash.

(Special to The Evening World.)
RED BANK, N. J., Aug. 17.—Miss Mary Morris, seventeen years old, of Edward avenue, Branchport, is in the Monmouth Memorial Hospital in a critical condition, and Miss Marguerite Brown, nineteen years old, of No. 27 Branchport avenue, is in a serious condition at her home as a result of injuries sustained in a joy ride which ended in Fair Haven at 3:30 o'clock this morning, when Harry Schmidt of Red Bank drove the car into a bakery wagon in front of Dr. G. V. V. Warner's residence.

Schmidt was driving a "snabout" owned by Miss Maud Leonard of Red Bank. Besides the two girls, William Roache of Red Bank also was in the car. They had been at the Long Branch carnival and were returning home. Schmidt driving the car at a fast speed.

The bakery wagon, driven by Joseph Lorenze, was going toward Sea Bright. Schmidt hit the wagon broadside and the two girls were thrown through the windshield and against the side of the car. Their screams woke the entire neighborhood. The girls were taken into Dr. Warner's office. He found the Morris girl suffering from a cut that almost severed her left arm. Dr. Warner of Red Bank also was called and the girl was rushed to the Long Branch Hospital in an automobile.

The Brown girl sustained a gash from the forehead to the ear, which required eight stitches, and also received another gash on the forehead and contusions about the body. She was removed to her home. The two young men escaped injury. Schmidt disappeared after the accident. Theodore Flynn, eleven years old, who was asleep in the bakery wagon, was out about the face. The auto and wagon were badly damaged.

POLICEMEN LIE IN WAIT OFF DUTY, CAPTURE TWO. HORSES WERE BEING LED AWAY, WHEN BLUECOATS FOLLOW AND MAKE ARREST.

Three weeks ago Mounted Policemen Allen Landow and William Helmes of the Tremont police station saw two men trying the lock on the stable of Esquale Terrace street, at No. 64 Fordham road. Then fled at sight of the officers.

Believing that a robbery was to be committed, Landow and Helmes began a systematic watch on the "stable off duty" as well as on. On days of duty during their leisure hours the officers were constantly about the place.

Last night after they reported off duty, they changed their uniforms for civilians' clothing and secreted themselves in bushes across the street from the stable. They remained there until shortly past midnight when they saw the men pry open the door of the stable and emerge a short time later with two horses. After following some distance they saw the two men under arrest after a hard fight.

In the Morrisania Police Court today the men said they were Joseph Muro, eighteen, of No. 58 East One Hundred and Ninety-third street, and William Cullen, aged nineteen, of No. 40 Rae street. Magistrate Breen held the men for the Grand Jury without bail on charges of grand larceny and robbery.

LITERATURE UP TO DATE.

"From the Louisville Courier-Journal."

"What are you writing now?"

"The advertisements for my new book. I write my own advertisements."

"How about the press notices?"

"I'll do them next."

"And then?"

"Then I'll write the book."

ONE TERRIBLE SIGHT WITH SKIN TROUBLE

Whole Body Broke Out in Red Sores. Formed Big Sores, Awful Suffering. Could Not Sleep. Burned and Itched. Cuticura Soap and Ointment Cured in Three Weeks.

442 East 103rd St., Gramercy, N. Y.

"The trouble began some months back, when my whole body began to break out into little red spots, which gradually formed into great big sores when I scratched it. I was affected from head to foot and also my hands and arms. I looked so terrible. It caused awful suffering, and I could not sleep for three or four nights at a time. It seemed to burn and itch so that I thought I should go mad. One of my friends would say, 'Rub with vinegar'; another, 'Use sulphur and lard'; but nothing seemed to help me."

"One day looking through a paper I came across an advertisement of Cuticura Soap and Ointment, so I bought the same. I would take a bath in warm water using the Cuticura Soap, then use the Cuticura Ointment, which gave me instant relief. At the end of three weeks I was entirely cured of my skin trouble. (Signed) George Vatter, January 17, 1912."

For treating poor complexion, red, rough, hands, and dry, thin and falling hair, Cuticura Soap and Cuticura Ointment have been the world's favorites for more than a generation. Sold everywhere. Liberally sample of each mailed free, with 25-p. skin book. Address post-card "Cuticura, Dept. T, Boston."

Shaving Stick, 25c. Sample free.

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